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COUNTY OFFICERS.	
Sheriff	J. F. Burns
Clerk	G. J. Allard
Register	Wm. Putnam
Treasurer	G. M. F. Davis
Proc. Attorney	A. H. Swarthout
Judge of Probate	M. J. Conine
C. C. Comr.	N. E. Britt
Surveyor	W. H. Sherman
Coroners	W. Haynes
SUPERVISORS.	
Grove Township	Thos. Lounds
South Branch	Ira H. Richardson
Beaver Creek	W. Batterson
Maple Forest	J. J. Coventry
Fredericville	R. S. Babbitt
Bell	J. A. Barker
Center Plains	Chas. Jackson
G. W. Love	

# Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IV.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1883.

NO. 46.

Who Wants

FOR ONE YEAR..... \$1.00

FOR SIX MONTHS..... 50

FOR THREE MONTHS..... 35

?? A FARM CHEAP??

500,000 Acres

BIG FARMING LANDS FOR

SALE!

The Lands of the Jackson, Leland and Saginaw Railroad Company are now offered for sale at

LOW PRICES AND ON LONG TIME

Saginaw River nearly to the Straits of Mackinaw and contains

large tracts of

farming lands

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good

as can be

found in any

part of the United

States. It is well timbered with hard wood,

maple, beech, elm, oak, &c.

and well adapted to grain, stock

and fruit growing. Soil, black sandy

LOAM AND

ABOUNDING IN SPRINGS OF THE

PUREST WATER.

PRICE, OR

Farming Lands from

\$2.50 to \$6.00

Per Acre.

Send for illustrated pamphlet full of facts and figures.

ADDRESS O. M. BARNES,

Treasurer, Michigan, Lansing, Mich.

ANDREW PETERSON

(Hanson's Block, Grayling, Mich.)

Invites the inspection of the people

Grayling and vicinity to his

Choice and Select Stock of

WATCHES.

RECEIVED

QUICK TIME

RECEIVED

# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

## OUR JUVENILES.

### Kitty's Prayer.

Sweet little darling runs into my room,  
Red lips parted and cheeks aglow;  
Fresh and rare is the apple-bloom,  
Brighter far than the roses blow.

"Oh, sister, come and see!" she cries;

As she comes from her bower the laughter  
halts.

While mother speaks through her violet eyes—

"My little kitty is saying her prayer!"

—Came and left through the nursery door!

We won't forget her where she lies,

In the streak of sunlight on the floor.

"Mother, her white paws over her eyes!

"I wonder—wearing with foot-fall—

And daintily lifting the frayed shoe—

As she trots before me across the hall—

"I wonder if she hears kitty's prayer?"

—Corinne Oaksmith, in *St. Nicholas*.

The Alpine's Prayer.

Next day, after the jousts were ended,

There was tried a bout between the

English wrestlers, and then a match

between the archers, in which latter the

King of England took a part. "For"

says the French chronicler, "he was a

marvelous good archer and a strong,

and it was very pleasant to see him."

These sports over, the two Kings en-

tered the pavilion to rest and refresh

themselves. Here Francis, admiring

the splendid physique of King Henry,

said to him:

"You are mightily well built, broth-

er. Truth to say, the Chevalier Gia-

tinian made no unfair report of you

to his master, the Doge of Venice."

"And what said the wily chevalier?"

queried Henry.

"He said, 'replied Francis, 'that my

Lord the King of England was much

handsomer than any monarch in Christ-

endom; very fair and well proportioned;

a good musician; a capital horseman;

a fine joustier; a hearty hunter; a tireless

gamester; a mighty archer; and a royal

hand at tennis."

"An tennis is a royal game," was

Henry's only comment.

"The chevalier protested," went on

the French King; "that it was the pret-

iest thing in the world to see you at

tennis, with your fair skin glowing

through a shirt of the finest texture."

"Ha! well," said the flattered Henry.

"The Chevalier Giaxinian was a

courteous-like and wily ambassador;

and you, too, my brother, are I fear me, a

sweet-tongued flatterer."

"Not so, not so," responded Francis.

"I am bold and true, I come to the

man, be he king or counsellor, who

is as tightly built and as strong in heart

as is Henry of England."

Then it was that Rauf in astonish-

ment saw his gracious sovereign seize

with a practised hand the collar of my

Lord the King of France."

"Come, my brother," said Henry,

"let us try a full."

With arms entwined around each

other's body in a grip of iron, with feet

planted, and with every muscle strained,

the royal wrestlers swayed now this

way and now that in their trial of

strength. There came one or two well-

made feints at throwing, and then sud-

denly, as the record says, "the King of

France, who was an expert wrestler,

tripped up the heels of his brother, or

England and gave him a marvelous

somersault."

"Revenge, revenge! I am not yet

beaten!" cried the fallen Prince, spring-

ing to his feet, but then came the sum-

mons to supper, and the wrestle of the

Kings was over.—From "The Story of

the Field of the Cloth of Gold," in

*St. Nicholas*.

—Jenny.

In the sweet-by-and-by.

We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

Where did the voice come from?

I looked around from one cot to an-

other, for the tone was unearthly sweet;

At last I saw the singer, such a bit of a

girl, with wan face, and hollow eyes,

nursing a dolt almost as big as herself.

"She's better, ma'am," said the nurse,

"Soon as she's better, she begins to

sing."

"What a bright little face she has!"

"Oh, yes, Jenny is a pretty girl, and

happy as lark when the pain is gone!"

"She is dangerously ill!"

"Well, it's something, miss, from

which she can't recover, though it is

thought she may live a good many

years. She's a very dear child."

I asked her permission to speak to

the little thing who, whenever I looked

that way, smiled so winningly that she

was irresistible.

"You love singing," I said, as the wee

hand crept into mine.

"Oh yes, deary! Can you sing to me?" she asked.

"You shall hear me by-and-by," I

said. "Before I go I will sing to all

the little ones. How long have you been here, Jenny?"

"Almost a year; ever since my mother died."

"What have you no mother?"

"I haven't anybody—that is, of my own," she replied, with a sad little smile.

"Were you always sick, my dear?"

"Oh no; it was trying to give little

Johnny and my mother that I got so

out. We were very poor, you know,

and I never remembered my father;

he died when I was a baby, the

week after Johnny was born. Mother

had to go out by the day and look us in

the room, and I took care of Johnny.

When she came home, she'd make a

fire and give us a nice supper. One

night, she came in late, and brought

some oil for the lamp; but, while she

was filling it, little Johnny lighted a

match so close that it took fire.

—Richard Powell's Twenty Sons.

It was at Bailey's Run that old

Richard Powell and his family, famous

for its numbers, lived over a century

ago. During his life, Powell took great

pleasure in boasting of his large family.

It was his habit to remark: "I have

twenty sons, and each one has a sister."

Those to whom he used to relate this

narrative, even though it was by no

means demonstrative, could not

depict a picture more vivid than the

one he gave.

He used to say: "I have twenty sons,

and each one has a sister."

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# THE AVALANCHE

• PALMER, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling,  
Mich., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, March 15, 1883.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Measles. Had 'em, eh?

Choles roll butter at B. & E.'s.

Mr. J. C. Silsbee is reported better.

Notice the new ad. of A. H. Swarthout.

The little daughter of M. Conway is on the improve.

Buy Pearl baking powder at Finn's.

"Billy" White is suffering with rheumatism in his back and legs.

Messrs. Britt and Finn started yesterday for the Cheboygan country.

7 lbs. coffee for \$1 at B. & E.'s.

Mr. J. M. Jones departed yesterday for Saginaw, to visit his mother a few days.

Mr. N. Oleson and Miss Maria Fisher were united in marriage on Saturday evening last.

Messrs. Brown & Moore, Albion, Mich., say: "Brown's Iron Bitters has a steady sale."

Fresh eggs, 25¢ per dozen, at B. & E.'s.

A large and varied assortment of choice flower seeds at Dr. Traver's drug store. 15¢

Communications from Fredericville and South Branch received too late for this issue.

A part of the new school house is raised, and with a continuance of this weather it will be pushed to rapid completion.

A. T. Carpenter, Ludington, Mich., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for constipation and it has been beneficial to me."

Jefferson Mills Roasted Rio, in one pound packages only, at Finn's for 17¢.

The Chicago News has issued a fine chromo, entitled The Newsboy, which is a good illustration of that typical character.

Miss Josie, little 8-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Jones, is suffering with an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

Canned pens, beans, tomatoes, corn, in great abundance, at B. & E.'s.

Mrs. F. B. Rose, with little Charley and the remains of little Harley, are expected home to-day or to-night, accompanied by Mrs. A. J. Rose.

Mr. G. Mead informs us that he will begin, about the first of May, the erection of a new store building alongside of the building erected by him last fall.

Go to Bliven & Edgcombe's for your stylish suits of clothes.

Owing to the fact that it was not generally known, the social hop at the hall last Friday evening was not very largely attended. Those who were there report that they "never had a better time."

The social of the Ladies' Aid Society at the residence of Mr. Jas. K. Bates on Friday afternoon and evening was largely attended and an exceedingly enjoyable affair.

If you want a nice suit of clothes, either made to order or ready made, go to Finn's. The finest stock in Northern Michigan.

Mr. "Archie" Walker returned here a few days since from an extended visit. He was feeling ill when he arrived, and the next morning he had a well developed case of measles to take care of.

The soap to suit the times is Boggs's soap. Sold at Bliven & Edgcombe's.

Building timber is being hauled onto a lot in the northeastern part of the city for a new residence. We understand it is to be the residence of Mr. F. L. Hadley, a brother of J. O. Hadley, Esq.

Probably as nicely a spread tax-roll as one will meet with in a lifetime was the one spread by Supervisor J. J. Coventry of Maple Forest township. Not a blot or spot was to be seen.—"Johnny" knows how to do it neatly and correctly, every time.

Tell me, ye angelic host, ye messengers of love, shall printers here below have no redress above? The angels flapped their wings and said: "To you a leap is given; delinquents on a printer's book can never enter heaven."

Men's cardigan jackets for \$1 at Bliven & Edgcombe's.

The frame work for the new M. E. church is complete and will be put in place in a day or two. Mr. A. J. Rose, the contractor, will furnish things if the weather be favorable.

J. W. Jordan, Esq., returned from Jonesville Saturday night, and is already at his old post in the planing mill. We are glad to know that his household goods are on the way, for now we are assured that he is a permanent citizen of our city.

Try that XXXX coffee at B. & E.'s. B. & E. takes the lead on tea and sugar.

Mince meat, apple jelly, and honey, at Bliven & Edgcombe's.

Rev. A. J. Richards, P. E., of Bay City, will conduct quarterly-meeting services at the school house on Sabbath next. Let there be a large attendance to greet the eminent divine.

Messrs. Mickleon and Laudeen started Tuesday for an extended western trip. They will look over the pine forests of California, Oregon and Washington Territory as they return. We trust, they will find nothing to win them away from Michigan.

In a few days you will find the largest variety of fine shoes at Finn's that can be found in Northern Michigan, over forty different styles from the celebrated manufacturers, Redpath Bros., of Boston, Mass.

Conductor Charles Gates, while coupling cars at St. Helens last Saturday night, was caught between two cars and quite badly squeezed, having his collar-bone dislocated. He brought his train through to Grayling and returned to Bay City on the night passenger train for treatment.

A man named Wm. Galvin went to Roscommon from Hall's camp one night last week, drew \$44 on his time, and while on his way to his hotel was knocked down and robbed of the whole amount.

Great bargains in shawls, blankets, and skirts, at Bliven & Edgcombe's.

A novel sight in our city Tuesday afternoon was a young minister and a young lawyer going along the streets side by side each with a large scoop-shovel on his shoulder. As they came into the city from the east it is presumable they had been out to "bury their dead."

Last Monday we heard the welcome "toot" of the planing mill whistle.

It is now in full operation, and additional machinery will arrive for it this week. The engine has been entirely overhauled, and Wakeley says it is

now fit for steam as though it liked it.

Mr. Wm. Stephan, of Grove township, died on Saturday last from bleeding from the nose. He was convalescing from typhoid fever, when from exposure he had a relapse, and the impoverished condition of his blood was such that after the hemorrhage began it could not be controlled by ordinary methods, and no physician was called until it was too late. The funeral services were conducted from the hall on Monday, Rev. S. Edgcombe officiating.

Last Tuesday Mr. M. S. Hartwick met with a serious accident. He was carrying a bunch of shingle onto his new building, had stepped from the ladder onto the scaffold and placed them on the roof but the icy condition prevented their staying and in his endeavor to save them he lost his balance, but would have undoubtedly saved himself on the ladder had he not feared being crushed by the falling shingle from which he jumped, striking the frozen earth fifteen feet below, on his feet. The right ankle joint is badly demoralized and the left knee received severe sprain and contusion. Dr. N. H. Traver was called and made the patient as comfortable as possible to explain to him how he happened to get into the wrong room, and he said it wasn't necessary to say anything about it to me. Then he gave me \$5 to go out and buy him a new hat, and he said I might keep the change if I would not mention it when I got home and I got him one for ten shillings, and we took the 8 o'clock train in the morning and came home, and I suppose the Chicago detectives are trying to fit his hat onto a burglar. Pa seemed officially relieved when we got across the State line into Wisconsin. But you'd a died to see him come out of that old lady's room, with his coat and vest on his arm, and his suspenders hanging down, looking scart. He doesn't look any more, or I'll tell ma where pa left his hat."—Peck's Sun.

MARRIED.

At Beaver Lake, Ogemaw county, Mich., March 6th, 1883, by Rev. Wm. Putnam, Mr. Alton A. Lytle and Miss Harriet A. Casleton.

BIRTHS.

On Sunday, March 11th, 1883, to Mr. and Mrs. Christian Closson; a son.

On Monday, March 12, 1883, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Christenson, a daughter.

NOTICE.

The Board of School Examiners of Crawford county will hold a public examination of teachers at Grayling on Friday, March 30th, 1883.

Wm. A. Masters, Sec.

A CARD.

Having no time for deliberation, pending the funeral of my most beloved son, W. Stephan, on Monday last, and not being able to address myself personally to all who attended it, I hope that through the organ of our local paper my sincere thanks will reach all those who obliged me in this sorrowful case. Not remembering all names, I wish to be excused for thanking collectively.

Very Respectfully,

P. W. STEPHAN.

NEW ENGLAND SUPPER.

The ladies of the aid society have decided to hold a New England Supper on Saturday evening, March 24th, at the opera house. The programme of entertainment, bill of fare, and admittance fee will be published next week. The committee are as follows:

On entertainment and costumes—Mrs. Masters, Mrs. J. Edgcombe, Mrs. Woodworth, Misses Jordan, Niles, Rousseau, Sibley and Sears.

On finances—Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. F. D. Robinson, Mrs. Brown.

On dishes—Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Vic. Taylor, Mrs. Strunk, Mrs. Brown.

On table—Mrs. Brink, Mrs. R. S. Babbitt, Mrs. J. K. Hanson, Mrs. Forbes.

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A little more "Springfield."

The Illustrated Family Journal, enlarged, improved, and illustrated, only \$1 a year, with four of the largest and most magnificent premium pictures ever given with any publication. These oleographs are entitled "Off Long Branch," "The Advance Guard," "Puss in Boots," and "Wonders of the Sea." The Family Journal is a 24-page magazine, well worth alone the subscription price asked, and with the four beautiful oleographs no family in Crawford county should be without it. The pictures and magazine need only to be seen to be appreciated, and you can see them by calling on C. E. Strunk, agent, at this office.

THAT BAD BOY.

"When pa and I got to Chicago," said the bad boy, "we walked around town all day, and went to the stores, and at night pa was awful tired, and he put me to bed in the tavern and went out to walk around and get rested. I wasn't tired and I walked around the hotel. I thought pa had gone to the theater, and that made me mad and I thought I would play him for all I was worth. Our room was 210 and the next room was 212, and there was an old maid with a Scotch terrier occupied 212. I saw her twice and she called me names, cause she thought I wanted to steal her dog. That made me mad at her, and so I took my jack-knife and drew the tacks out of the thing that the numbers were painted on, and put the old maid's number on our door and our number on her door, and then I went to bed. I tried to keep awake, so as to help pa if he had any difficulty, but I rather guess I got to sleep, but woke up when the dog barked. If the dog hadn't woken me up the woman's screams would, and if that hadn't pa would. You see pa came home from the theater about 12, and he had been drinking. He says everybody drink when they go to Chicago, even the minister. Pa looked at the numbers on the doors all along the hall till he found 210, and walked right in and pulled off his coat and threw it on the lounge where the dog was. The old maid was asleep, but the dog barked, and pa said, "That cussed boy has bought a dog!" and he kicked the dog and the old maid woke up and said, "What is the matter, pet?" Pa taffed and said, "Nuthin' the mazza with me pet." Then you ought to have heard the yelling. The old maid covered her head and kicked and yelled, and the dog snarled and bit pa on the pants, and pa had his vest off and his suspenders unbuttoned, and he got scared and took his coat and vest and went out in the hall, and I opened our door and told pa he was in the wrong room and I knew it, and he came in our room and I locked the door, and the bell boy and the porter and the clerk came up to see what ailed the old maid, and she said a burglar got in her room, and they found pa's hat on the lounge, and they took it and told her to be quiet and they would find the burglar. Pa was so scared that he sweat like everything and the bed was cold, warm, and he pretended to go to sleep, but he was wondering how he could get his hat back. In the morning I told him it would be hard work to explain to ma how he happened to get into the wrong room, and he said it wasn't necessary to say anything about it to ma. Then he gave me \$5 to go out and buy him a new hat, and he said I might keep the change if I would not mention it when I got home and I got him one for ten shillings, and we took the 8 o'clock train in the morning and came home, and I suppose the Chicago detectives are trying to fit his hat onto a burglar. Pa seemed officially relieved when we got across the State line into Wisconsin. But you'd a died to see him come out of that old lady's room, with his coat and vest on his arm, and his suspenders hanging down, looking scart. He doesn't look any more, or I'll tell ma where pa left his hat."—Peck's Sun.

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